

John Sanderson the First.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST PREACHING SERVICE IN CANADA.

My father! God bless him! Gone across the borderline into the soul's home-land for almost thirty years, he still lives in the hearts of his children. Aye, and he lives, too, in the hearts and lives of hundreds of men and women, whose fathers and mothers knew him and were helped and strengthened along earth's toilsome ways by his unfailing sympathy, wise counsel and words of cheer.

He was not a popular preacher, except with the few who wanted everything in heaven as well as earth, in life and away beyond it, logically demonstrated. He was kindly to his heart's core, with a faith as simple as that of a child, and a personal charm that made friends everywhere.

On one of his circuits there lived a Roman Catholic priest, a fine scholar and a still finer man. He and father became warm friends. One of the priest's flock seeing them walking together one day, said to his companions, "Fur downright bare goodness, there's not a ha'porth's differ betwuxt thim, nor fur